

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1887.

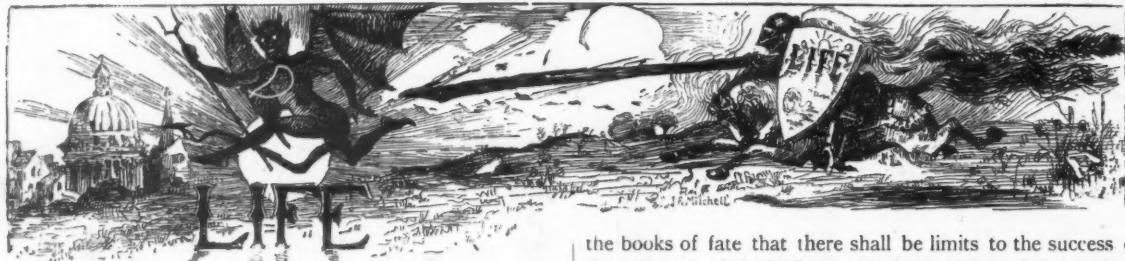
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NUMBER 233.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Life: OH, COME OFF THAT ROTTEN BRANCH! IT WILL BE DOWN WITH YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, AND IF YOU MUST HAVE A JUBILEE HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL SUIT YOUR VOICE MUCH BETTER.



"While there's life there's hope."

VOL. IX.

JUNE 16, 1887.

No. 233

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WITH this issue LIFE turns its back upon the scenes of its birth, and moves into more commodious quarters. Having grown and waxed persistently during the four years of its existence, the rooms which at first were more than large enough, have now become far too cramped for the business of the paper. At No. 28 West Twenty-third Street, whither our office gods are now being borne, our friends will henceforth find us working merrily in the lap of luxury, with more light, more elevator, more blue and gold, and roomier waste-baskets than usually fall to the lot of our more modest and unprincipled brethren. Those readers who recall the views of our establishment as given in No. 167 of LIFE, can form some conception of the growth which renders our moving a necessity.

HERE'S looking toward the Bishop of New York, and wishing good luck to his new project of a cathedral for his diocese! We want that cathedral. There is no reason why any religious advantages that are enjoyed by the people of the effete monarchies should be denied to us of New York. Not less than the subjects of Victoria or of Humbert do we need to have our minds hoisted away from this muck-heap where we dwell. If a new cathedral will improve us, let us have it; we are fit subjects for the improvement and can afford the cathedral.

A PROPOS of cathedral builders, the public watches with interest the suit of Mr. Butler against the executors of the Stewart Estate. The loss of Mr. Stewart and the gradual disappearance of a great part of his estate rank among the great American mysteries, and Mr. Butler, or any one else who seeks to discover what became of either of them, will have many sympathetic observers in his quest.

OUR enterprising Scotch friends who built the *Thistle* promise to give us a good race this summer. The new cutter runs away from her veteran competitors in a manner that indicates that the ingenious Mr. Burgess will have his lines put at last to a critical test. Perhaps it is on

the books of fate that there shall be limits to the success of Americans in their dealings with the British, and that Buffalo William has reaped the full crop of glory that is coming to us this year. Well, there has come to be a touch of monotony about the results of the races for the *America's cup*. May the best boat win, and if she is the *Thistle*, a cordial round of American cheers will go with the ugly mug she captures.

THE trial of Jacob Sharp is an intricate and complex proceeding, developing wheels within wheels, and differentiating somewhat after the manner of the ingenious Chinese toys which peel off their coats and turn out to be something different at every divestment. It began as the trial of Mr. Sharp, but it has already developed into an investigation of jurymen, which has threatened to postpone Mr. Sharp's little affair indefinitely. Shall not the recipe for a jury trial in New York be amended to begin: "First catch your jury?"

M R. DORSHEIMER expresses his regret that one of his young men should have criticised his brother Jimbennett for renting his Newport house. Is not Mr. Bennett an editor, and is not Mr. Dorsheimer an editor also, and one with a Newport house at that? To be sure. The time may come when he will wish to edit the *Star* from his yacht, and rent his property ashore. He does wisely to make the way smooth.

THE Knights of Labor seem to be cutting each other's throats as merrily as though they were the gullets of employers. 49 believes the boycott as well adapted to the case of 126 as to Mr. Gould himself, and the sagacious Powderly, to whom "boycott" has such an odious sound, disguises it under a different name, which lets its claws come through as sharp as ever.

THREE is a grave discrepancy of opinion as to the damage a parade of militia would do in Central Park. Give the grass the benefit of the doubt!

HOW swift and steady is the course of the Knights of Labor to destruction! An unwieldy organization, impossible to rule and incapable of self-government, it has begun to experience the faction fights that must be the end of it. But it will not perish without having taught its lesson, one being the power of organized labor, which will survive in a different form. Another lesson that it has helped to teach is how much the tyranny of the many exceeds in oppressiveness the tyranny of the few.



A GOOD MEMORY.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE? YOUR FACE IS STRANGELY FAMILIAR."

"YES, MADAME, OUR HOST INTRODUCED US TO EACH OTHER JUST BEFORE DINNER."

"AH, I WAS POSITIVE I HAD SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE. I NEVER FORGET A FACE."

WHO? WHAT? WHICH? WHERE?

WHEN the young *débutante* gets sight of a beau,
She scarcely can peep thro' the leaves of her fan,
Her heart doth so flutter, her cheeks do so glow,
As she asks all a-trembling : "Who is the man?"

Twenty doth bring her to years of discretion,
No longer she blushes, but changes her plan ;
With thoughts of the pocket, the place, the profession,
She questions the circle with : "What is the man?"

At thirty, each day the thought doth appal her,
That hour by hour her roses grow wan ;
Her circle of lovers grow smaller and smaller—
She duns each deceiver with : "Which is the man?"

Forty changes her tune, and grown romantic,
Deems it charming to simper as much as she can ;
Haunts watering-places, streams the Atlantic,
For the query of life now is : "Where is the man?"

IT is announced that a new racehorse is to be called "Waterbury," because it makes the fastest time on record.

SOME of the profits made by Jay Gould last year are quite ahead of anything mentioned in sacred history.

CAPILLARY.

AN Albany barber says the indiscriminate use of brushes in barber-shops is what makes people bald, and says it is because women keep out of barber-shops and have private brushes that they keep their hair. But someone said a little while ago that it was tight hats that made men bald, and proved it by pointing to the women and their bonnets. Both are wrong. Women's heads are covered, partly because their capillary energies are not diverted to beards, and partly for the reason that they are less exposed than men are to the inclemency of the weather. And another reason is, they say, that they are less scrupulous than the sterner sex about growing their hair on their own heads.



JUNE SONG.

WE two would a-roaming go,
Heigh-ho! ho! ho!
Not where Nature's sweet scents do so beguile,
She can naught do but blush and smile the while.
Ah, no! no! no!
But where gay Cupid, with love-laden bow,
Dimpling aims at all who a-roaming go.
Heigh-ho! so! so!
We two would a-roaming go. *M. E. C.*

* * *

EDITOR O'BRIEN asked for bread for Lansdowne's tenants, but received a stone—indeed, several stones. The Canadians of Toronto and Kingston are strikingly liberal.

* * *

LITERARY people will be shocked to hear that Dante was not the author of *Vita Nuova*, any more than Shakespeare was the author of Bacon. *Vita Nuova*, it transpires, is a patent medicine, and if Dante wants to establish his authorship he will have to put on his best interference suit and go into court.

* * *



BEATEN ON HIS OWN GROUND.

Satan (horrified): GET THEE BEHIND ME, ANARCHIST!

* * *

OUR correspondent, who hints that honied words are made of *honi soit*, is in error. Neither is it true that they spring from Huny-adi.

* * *

BLACKMAIL is usually accompanied by a female.

* * *

“ON easy payments,” Miss Jerusha Slow read aloud from the placard in a furniture store. “That's true!” she remarked. “I allus did find payments oneasy.”

J-Y G-LD, the Vand-b-lts, Ast-rs, Mayor H-witt and Charles A. D-na have formed, and continue to form, an Anti-Poverty Society which is very successful.

* * *

RIDER HAGGARD is said to be the lineal successor of Death on the Pale Horse.

* * *

AUNTY POVERTY is seeking a divorce from Uncle Pawnbroker.

* * *

THE Philadelphia firm which gives a cap to every Pennsylvania woman who succeeds in celebrating her hundredth birthday, is either bound to encourage women in setting their caps, or else is itself setting a cap for free advertising.

* * *

IN Illinois, an apple has been unearthed in good condition, which had been buried for fourteen years. This is not so remarkable as the fact that “Adam's apple” still survives, after several thousand years.

* * *

NEW YORK'S Sunday relations with water nowadays are not as strained as they were.

* * *

SOME GREAT PROBLEMS SOLVED.

THE learned incumbent of LIFE'S Bureau of Information having lost his mind before he could reply to various burning questions which recently appeared in these columns, it became necessary for others, though at infinite risk, to throw themselves into the breach; such vital subjects cannot be overlooked. The following replies are all that have been received up to the hour of going to press.

Here are the queries with their answers:—

1. “To what branch of the cattle kingdom does the paradox belong?”

This is too abs-herd for serious consideration.

2. “If a woman becomes a widow by losing one husband, how many does she have to lose to become a widower?”

She is wi'dower from the first.

3. “Should a runner wear rubber shoes because he's eraser?”

Not unless he is detected in a mis-sprint.

4. “If, as LIFE recently remarked, Nature is indulging in athletics by having a backward Spring, will she continue them when Summersets in?”

Not if there is danger of an early Fall.

5. “In view of the editorial we employed on the New York *World*, is it proper to say, ‘Mr. Pulitzer is a crank,’ or ‘Mr. Pulitzer are a crank?’

Either is correct, since he induces a wrote-ary motion.

6. “Do Bostonians take Buddha on their brown bread?”

Certainly, with Isis for dessert.

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Condensed from the Century Magazine.

CHAPTERS I. TO MMDCCLXII, INCLUSIVE.

In order that this history may be as explicit, thorough and concise as possible, it will be necessary for us to go back several hundred years, and study the habits, characters and misfortunes of some of those people who figured in the golden days prior to the time in which we are interested—people who would interest the most *blase*, and who, alas, are gone, but won't stay gone or forgotten, or anything else for that matter!

Prior to the landing of Columbus, the only town of any importance in this country was Boston, sweet Boston upon the Chawles! What Chawles's hind name was nobody has ever been able to find out, but this did not prevent Boston from existing in the vicinity, and flourishing there, in a small way, although the town was surrounded by a dense forest of bean-trees, where the bears and the wolves and the porcupines read their Emerson and Browning in undisturbed seclusion and security. But, ah me! how the times have changed! The bears have now all fled to Wall Street, the wolves are wearing merino underclothing, and the porcupines—ah! the porcupines are all in Boston yet, ready and waiting to shoot their quills at any unfortunate stranger who may dare to approach the gates of their holy little city.

One of the most distinguished inhabitants of Boston at that early date was a Mr. Timothy Maginnis, a most elegant gentleman of French extraction, and a man of deep religious convictions, as was evinced by his hanging over the door of his apartment this touching though sometimes rather personal text:

GOD BLESS OUR FLAT!

He was also Judge of the Circuit Court, and Lieutenant-General of the local militia; and, by the way, it is a strange fact that all the characters in this history were both judges and generals, or at least, if they were not they ought to have been, which is, of course, the same thing in the end.* Mr. Maginnis was never married, and he was also a

bachelor, a combination of misfortunes that is truly painful to contemplate. He was also of a bilious temperament, much given to music and poetry, and played beautifully on the catarrh.

Among the very earliest settlers in the western part of Arizona was a Mr. Jim. Criples, a very elegant gentleman, as was likewise Mrs. Criples. Mrs. Criples was Mr. Criples' wife and not his mother. We mention this fact simply because in making history for the civilized world

one cannot be too careful and explicit, for any little inadvertence may give posterity untold trouble and annoyance.†

* The good die young.

† There can be no more charming Christmas or wedding present than a beautiful crystal globe, filled with clear fresh water, in which several exquisite gold-fish can be seen enjoying themselves, their glistening sides fairly shambling the rainbow as they disport themselves in the lightness of their hearts! (Copyrighted.)

One of the most prominent characters at this date was that old pioneer, Joel Flinders. Mr. Flinders was a most elegant gentleman, and a terrible swell, wearing suspenders on week-days as well as Sundays. He spent his summers at Newport, and his winters in Jacksonville, in order to accustom himself to the idea of death. One day, however, during the crowded spring season, he remarked that the hotel was very full, whereupon, the managers said that to accuse their house of inebriety was a thing they could

ONIONS RAISED BY TIMOTHY MAGINNIS IN 1704

not and would not stand, and so Mr. Flinders was obliged to go out to Montana, where he settled down and married a Philadelphia girl who had wandered out there in her sleep.‡ He then built himself a most palatial residence, and divided his extensive domain into preserves, quail, grouse, currant, strawberry and other jams, but no crowds whatever. Here he lived in great style, dining at twelve M., and going to bed at six P. M., so that he could be an early bird and catch worms.

At about this time the Flinders were joined by a Mr. and Mrs. Croaker, and their two pair of twins, all of them very elegant people indeed, and famous for their ability to emigrate. Soon after their arrival, however, things began to go wrong, chiefly because Mrs. Croaker's clothes were a trifle more new-fashioned than Mrs. Flinders', and moreover, Mrs. Croaker had an aggravating habit of shaking out the folds of her dress over her bustle whenever she arose from her chair, and then smoothing down the little tails of her tailor-made jacket; and this was more than Mrs. Flinders could bear, for she, Mrs. F., had, I am grieved to acknowledge, neither tailor-made jacket nor—well, if I must confess it—not any bustle either! And then, on top of all this, Mrs. Flinders called on Mrs. Croaker one day with a view to organizing a glee club to scare the Indians away with, and she observed that judging from Mrs. Croaker's name she must come of a musical family, and moreover, she had overheard her singing frequently; but Mrs. Croaker said that she was not at all musical, and it was their parrot that Mrs. Flinders had heard singing, and so from that day the coolness between these two ladies grew cooler still!

And now, my dear friends, having given you a most thorough and complete history of the entire life and career of our martyred President, we will bid you a most tender farewell, for, to be perfectly candid, we hear the distant tinkle of the dinner-bell, and as we were spanked and sent to our room without any lunch we are naturally interested in the coming event. And so, good evening! Charming weather we are having! Do call again soon; always delighted to see you! Good evening.

Roland King.

† There ought to be a footnote here, but we've somehow or other forgotten what it was.



MRS. CRIPPLES.



FARM TILLED BY A MAN WHOSE GRANDFATHER'S SERVANT ONCE SPOKE WITH A LADY WHOSE NIECE'S HUSBAND SHOOK HANDS WITH AN ACQUAINTANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



PORTRAIT OF HIRAM S. FLINDERS, FORMERLY ONE OF THE SELECTMEN OF SMITHFIELD, ARKANSAS.





CHARLES READE AND TOLSTOI.

HERE are tantalizing glimpses of a remarkable man in the Memoir of "Charles Reade, D.C.L." (Harper's), prepared by two near relatives. It has no claim to be called a biography—for the narrative, which is the work of the Rev. Compton Reade, is not in any sense a sympathetic interpretation of the novelist's life and work, but is rather a haughty relative's eulogy written with an eye single to "family pride" and little appreciation of what was really greatest and best in Charles Reade.

Charles Reade, patronized by the Rev. Compton Reade, is a literary spectacle which would be amusing if it were not irritating.

But even such faulty workmanship cannot conceal the really massive quality of Charles Reade's imagination. His literary work is not of the highest type, but such as it is it was forged at white heat and was genuine metal, which even now, when it has cooled, has the true ring of steel. The impression which a sensitive reader will carry away from the book will be that here was a great-hearted man of imagination, who from childhood to middle-life hungered for the sympathy and support of a real home. There seems to have been a chilling lack of affection in his home, school and university life. And if his works show few traces of those quiet, deep sentiments which flourish only in a happy domestic atmosphere, it is because their author never lived in it until past middle-life. The sympathy which Mrs. Seymour gave him seems to have been the inspiration of his best work; before he met her he was a dilettante in literature, and after her death he lost hope and skill.

After all, the deepest note in the life of this strong, hard-fighting, irascible and successful man of genius was one of pathos—pathos which the unsympathetic Compton Reade has not wholly covered with his fine writing.

* * *

THE translation of Tolstoi's "Katia" (Gottsberger), recently published, is a beautiful bit of idyllic writing. This story, in its French form, was much praised by Mr. Howells, which is certainly convincing proof that the great Realist at least appreciates those qualities in the works of others which he carefully refrains from putting in his own. The deep sentiment, the intense passion, the absorbing beauty of fancy in "Katia" are like the cooling spray and quiet music of a fountain after a long journey on a hot and dusty road.

Yet in the *Century* for June we read that Tolstoi is rather ashamed of having been a writer of stories, and now thinks only of his great plan for the reformation of society! This is the hunger for Realities which after a time takes possession of all men of imagination. It forced the cry of despair from Carlyle, and almost drove him into public life; it made *vanitas vanitatum* the keynote of Thackeray's later years;

and it led Macaulay, Beaconsfield and Morley into Parliament. The penalty for dreaming great things is dissatisfaction that you cannot do them.

* * *

IT is a long way from Tolstoi and Charles Reade to "The Devil's Hat" (Ticknor), by Melville Philips. This is a story of the oil regions of Pennsylvania—a field where rapidly changing fortunes, daring speculations, eccentric characters, wild scenery, and a wonderful product of nature, all lend themselves to the purposes of romance. But Mr. Philips has made a miserable use of his material, and his story would be called, in the language of the oil region, a "dry hole."

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

THE APPEAL TO LIFE. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

How to Make a Saint. By the Prig. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. No. 1. The Century Co., New York.

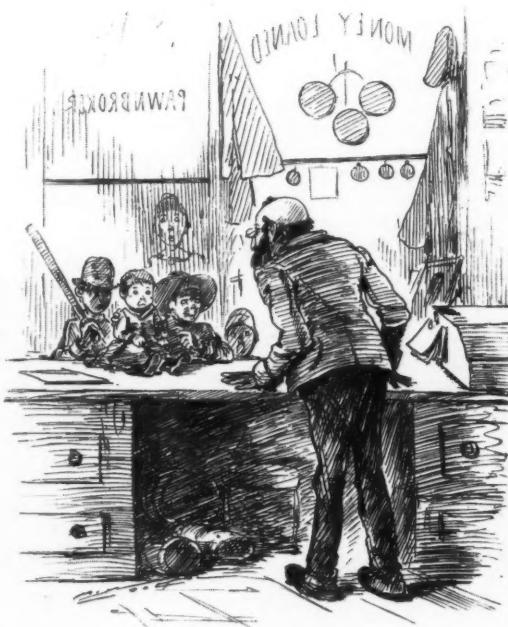
OVERHEARD ON A WET DAY.

YOUNG MAN: Mr. Weeks, why don't you shingle your barn?

OLD FARMER: 'Cause it's rainin'.

YOUNG MAN: Well, why don't you shingle it when it isn't raining?

OLD FARMER: It don't need it then.



BUSINESS.

I SAY, MISTER, WHAT'LL YER ADVANCE US ON THE BABY?
WE WANT TER GO TER DE BALL MATCH THIS AFTERNOON.

HIS REFLECTIONS.

SOFTLY the firelight glows
Warm on her face, and shows,
Very distinctly, those
Down-drooping lashes.
So far away she seems
From me, that all my dreams
Follow the flick'ring gleams
Falling in ashes.

Though we're the best of friends,
There, she declares, it ends;
Thinking it all depends
On her, capricious:
But if she handicaps
Me in this way, perhaps
I, as the months elapse,
May grow seditious.

Calm, she discriminates
'Twixt "friends" and "intimates;"
So, differentiates
'Twixt me and Towser!
Towser (she says) is *good*,
Easily understood,
Ever (if sleepy) would
Wish to arouse her.

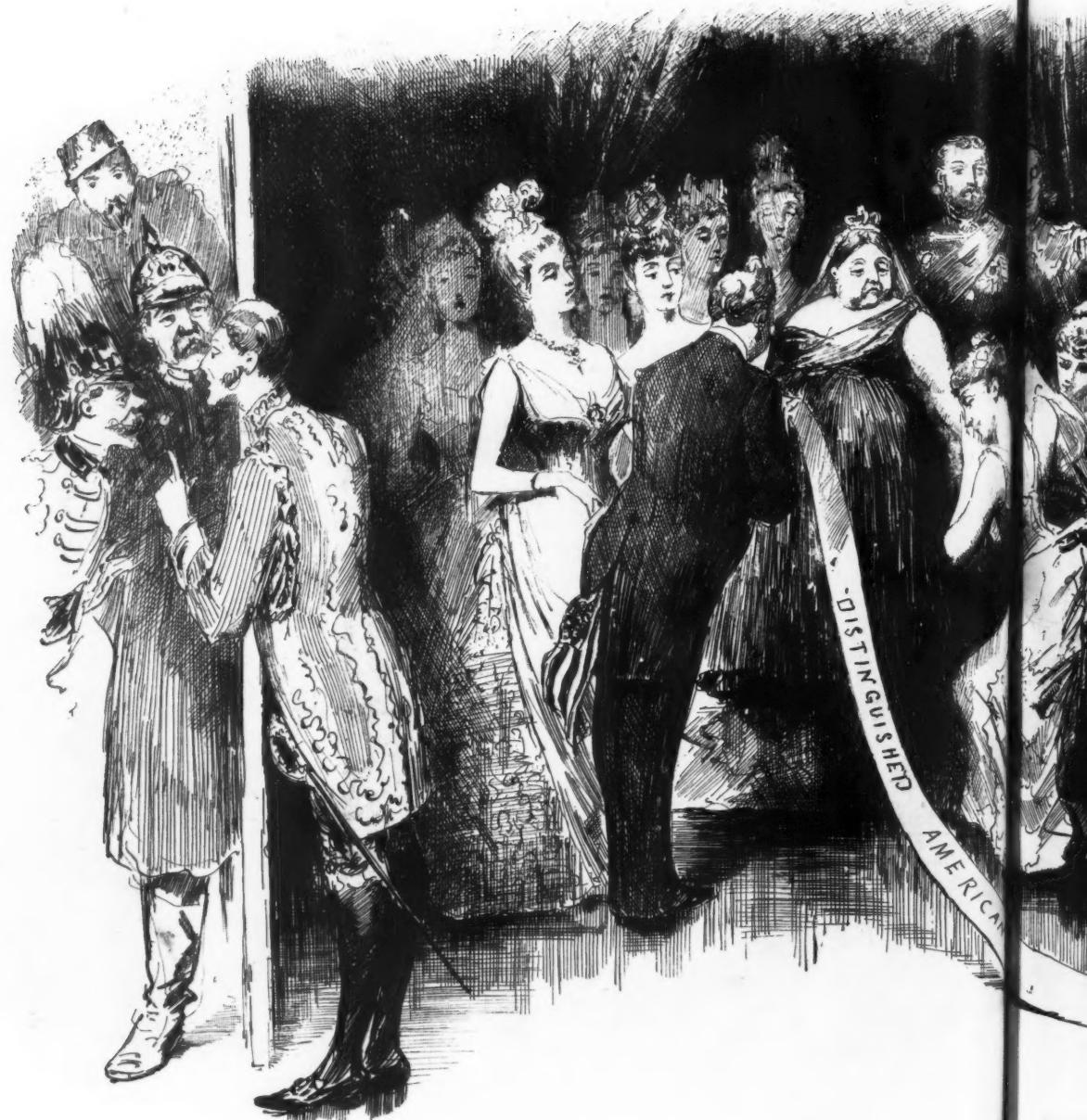
What's to be done with such
Frivolous people? Much
Humored, she beats the Dutch
And rules each german:
Praed's verses are divine.
Dixit. (She laughs at mine!)
Oh, but she'd make a fine
Text for a sermon!

Should a sedate young man
Dance to a maiden's fan
Who holds him lighter than
Last summer's swallows?
Hardly. Yet she the wool
Over my eyes can pull.
Here I sit—like a fool—
Toasting marshmallows!

If, as the days go past,
Men come to think, at last,
That with assurance vast
Nature endows her:
If this divinity
Finds no affinity
In her vicinity,
Why—she'll have Towser.

Mark Mallow.





SPORT FOR THE

WE UNDERSTAND OUR MINISTER WILL HEREAFTER DEVOTE HIMSELF EXCLUSIVELY

L E .



TO THE QUEEN.

SELF EXCLUSIVELY TO PRESENTING "DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS" TO THE QUEEN.



"SPORT," during the week, has neither languished nor slept, in fact the events of the last seven days have been both numerous and of great variety, but unfortunately our energetic and able horse-reporter has been drawn on the Sharp jury, and we have been compelled to call upon the gentleman who usually writes up camp-meetings and supplies us with theological points to "do" the turf, the diamond, the tennis field and the regattas. Being rather new at this class of work, instead of following the time-honored custom of calling around him the trusty "Spirit," *Forest and Stream* and *Amateur Athlete*, and gleaned from their friendly columns the desired information, he adopted the extraordinary method of actually junketing about the suburbs of New York and reporting the various events in person.

Unfortunately, as he has just departed for Bloomingdale, and his notes are in rather a mixed-up condition, we will not, out of respect for his memory and consideration for our readers, give more than a few excerpts from his report.

It is apparent that he hunted the National Game and corralled it down in the domain of Erastus Wiman, for the following entry appears in his diary :

"FIRST DAY—Was told they played baseball at St. George's, but could not believe that the sacred edifice could be so profaned. Visited Stuyvesant Square, and found the church doors closed and sexton away. Choir-boy, whom I met, said 'I was 'off my base,' and had better go down to Staten Island. Accordingly, went there. Field with high fence. Large congregation present. Very disorderly. Game utterly incomprehensible. Met two very nice, respectable gentlemen who offered to explain it to me, and we went outside to a quiet corner behind the fence. They showed me three cards, which they said were meant to represent the three principal players. I was to try to pick out the card with one spot on it. After vainly striving to understand the game, was informed I owed them eight dollars, but I objected. . . . The policeman who picked me up said I was 'paralyzed.' Must have had some kind of a 'stroke,' for I am badly bruised, and my watch is gone.

"SECOND DAY—Think I can understand horse-races better than baseball. Went to Jerome Park. (N.B.—It is not a park at all—no asphalt paths, no fountains, no 'keep off the grass'). Got a good position next the fence on the road where the horses were to run, and took out my diary to take notes. Policeman said I was a 'bookmaker,' and hauled me before a magistrate, who committed me to a cell until the next morning. I was then examined, and affirmed that I knew nothing of bookbinding or publishing, but acknowledged that I was shareholder in the 'Baptist Book Concern' and a life member of the 'Tract Society.' Was released, but treated with much contumely and disrespect.

"THIRD DAY—Went to Yonkers to report tennis match. Beautiful day; pleasant place of meeting and quite a large congregation. Found a picturesque, ivy-clad stone wall on which to sit beneath a tree, and watch the service of the tennis players. Sun very hot, . . . wall growing harder, . . . feel very badly . . . hands and face much inflamed, . . . druggist agrees with doctor that it must have been poison ivy on the wall.

"FOURTH DAY—Hardly able to move, but must go down the Bay on steamboat to Atlantic Regatta. Upper deck good place to see from. Too much motion, however—will try lower deck. Very rough on lower deck, think I will retire to cabin. Head aches from blow

received at St. George's, and am very lame with rheumatism contracted in cell—face so swelled I can only see out of one eye—will lie down—feel queer—cabin ceiling revolves rapidly—must be *very* rough outside. . . . Steward! . . . \$\$\$\$???

And this is our only apology for not having a full account of the sport Mr. O'Brien, M.P., has been having with the labor unions, Mr. Butler with the Hon. Henry Hilton, and Colonel Bison-William with the Roy'l Fam'ly. It must also account for the non-appearance of our illustration of Mr. Lawrence Donovan winning the Victoria Cross by his Jubilee jump into the Thames, and the *Thistle* showing the *Mayflower* that it will have to bloom in the fall as well as the spring.

EXTRAWARDINARY.

THE "Grand Old Man" of Hawarden, Went out one day in his gawarden; Laid his axe on a tree, And said "Look at mee; Can't I chop well—axin' your pawarden?"

AN OCCASIONAL MIRACLE.

BOBBY: We don't have miracles, nowadays, do we, Pa?

FATHER: Oh, yes, the New York Giants occasionally win a game.

THE Interstate Commerce Commissioners are considerably nonplused over the matter of passing the summer.



THE NEW WORLD.

Party this side of the fence: ARRAH, MOIKE, AN' HERE'S A WHOITE SARPART WRIGGIN' IN' THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FENCE, AN' A-HISSIN' AT ME!

Party of the other side: AN' SURE IT'S HAULIN' A BOW-LEGGED CHICKEN AFTHER IT!



AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

LOSING ONE'S HEAD.

"I CLAIM this for our sex," said Mrs. Tompkins, with a raspy emphasis, to a cynical young man who had been decrying the "higher rights of women," "in time of emergency they are always self-possessed. Now, sir, I challenge you to name a woman in history who, in the presence of danger, ever lost her head."

"Well, er— how about Marie Antoinette?"

"I SEE you have a rod, line, plenty of flies, a basket and a landing net; but where's your reel, young man?" said the guide, sorting over the traps.

"Oh, we'll get that after drinking up the bait."

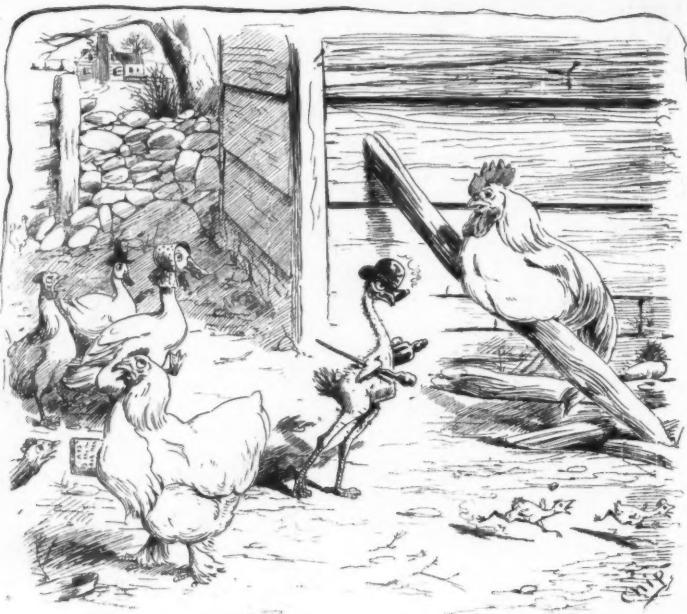
A DUAL LIFE—An Arizona newspaper editor's.

THE recent Mexican law to the effect that every man must wear trousers is a good one and ought to be enforced. The only objection we have to trousers is that they bag at the knees.



THE GARDEN GLOBE AGAIN.

New Gardener: WELL, BY THE HOLY PIPER, OI' BEEN MOST EVERYWHERE, BUT OI'LL ATE ME HEAD IF IVER OI SEE A GOLD-FISH LOIKE THAT BEFORE.



A TOUGH CHICKEN.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

IT is announced in London that "Red Shirt," Buffalo Bill's Indian, who was recently interviewed by the Queen, will become a "parlor humorist" on his return to America.

THE Queen will expect all who attend her next drawing-room to deposit a Jubilee "tip" in a Chinese vase which will be found standing at the front door.

THE recent French crisis was stolen by a burglar and cannot be found.

IT is not true that Buffalo Bill is contributing London society notes to a Boston paper.

NEXT month the Czar will mass a body-guard of 300,000 men and take a fish on the Black Sea.

A PHILADELPHIA candy-dealer has bought nine bushels of the French crown jewels to be used in making up prize packages.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S Jubilee, which will be celebrated in a few days, has for months past kept her loyal subjects in a state of jubilant expectation, and they now all seem to have Jubilee on the brain.

Tradesmen advertise jubilee whiskey, jubilee trousers, jubilee snuff, jubilee bibles, jubilee antibilious pills, jubilee garters, jubilee polkas, jubilee store-teeth and ministers of all denominations deliver jubilee sermons.

An enthusiastic Israelite named William has changed his name to *Jew-billy*, and a fashionable dress-maker has just invented a new bustle, which, when squeezed by its fair owner, will play "God Save the Queen."

Would jubilee've it



A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

M. R. M.—, a wealthy banker of the Chaussée d'Antin, applied the other day to a money-lender to advance him 50,000 francs on his wife's diamonds, for which he had paid 120,000 francs. "You can take out the jewels and get false stones mounted in their place. I don't wish it to be noticed." "My dear sir, that has been done already," replied the usurer. "Your wife has had the start of you, for I bought the diamonds from her last year."—*Petit Journal pour Rire.*

WAR WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

A GERMAN now residing in America has invented rifle-ball, the universal adoption of which would greatly tend to mitigate the horrors of war. Its outer shell is composed of a very brittle substance, which breaks into pieces on coming into contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a chemical compound which renders the person struck by it insensible for the space of twelve hours, without showing any signs of life beyond the beating of his heart. In this condition the fallen are lifted into carts and conveyed away as prisoners.—*Humoristisches.*

"DID you see my picture in the paper to-day, dear?" inquired a young merchant who had just been made a town-councillor. "Yes, I did—and—and—" Here his wife burst into tears. "Why, what's the matter? Why does it make you cry?" "Why, Jack, I'm so disappointed. If I had known you looked like that I'd never have married you."—*Id-Bits.*

REMOVAL! The Offices of "LIFE" have been removed to No. 28 West 23d St., N. Y. All communications should be addressed there in future.

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

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HOW SHE MIGHT PRAY.

A CALIFORNIA woman who had \$30,000 up as margins on stocks went to her pastor and asked:

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for stocks to go up?"

"Certainly I do," was his reply.

"Well, what shall I do?"

"You might pray that they shouldn't go down, ma'am."—*Wall Street News.*

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.

"Brown, what are Blivens' politics?"

"He takes a neutral point of view."

"How is he in mortality?"

"Oh, well, in that he's neutral too."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

PORTRLAND, Me., has a bank cashier who has been in one bank fifty-three straight years. People who ask why he hasn't made a grab and run away are informed that the money in that bank is counted every night.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ex-Queen of Spain is worth about \$7,000,000, and she is spending it at the rate of a million a year. The time when she will be obliged to open a laundry and work fourteen hours per day can be figured to a week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"GAZE upon that pure, beautiful evening star, and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents.

"How stupid you are!" answered the Girton girl. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m.; her declination is 17 degrees, 25 minutes south, and her diameter is 10.2."—*Exchange.*

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The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,
are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

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By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (a8 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

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Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

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Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

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